

And when you barke doe it with judgement.

Ban. Yes Sir.

Sch. *Quousque tandem*. Here is a woman wanting

4. We may goe whistle: all the fat's i'th fire.

Sch. We have,

As learned Authours utter, washd a Tile,  
We have beene *fatuus*, and laboured vainely.

2. This is that scornfull peece, that scurvy hilding  
That gave her promise faithfully, she would be here,  
Cicely the Sempsters daughter:

The next gloves that I give her shall be dog skin;  
Nay and she faile me once, you can tell *Arcas*.  
She swore by wine, and bread, she would not breake.

Sch. An Eele and woman,  
A learned Poet sayes: unles by'th taile.

And with thy teeth thou hold, will either faile,  
In manners this was false position.

1. A fire ill take her; do's she flinch now?

3. What  
Shall we determine Sir?

Sch. Nothing,  
Our busines is become a nullity  
Yea, and a woefull, and a pittious nullity.

4. Now when the credite of our Towne lay on it,  
Now to be frampall, now to pisse o'th nettle,  
Goe thy wajes, ile remember thee, ile fit thee,

*Enter Taylors daughter.*

Daughter. The George alow, came from the South, from  
The coast of Barbary a.

And there he met with brave gallants of war  
By one, by two, by three, a

Well haild, well haild, you jolly gallants,  
And whither now are you bound a  
O let me have your company till come to the sound a  
There was three fooles, fell out about an howlet

Chaire and  
fooles out,

The one sed it was an owle

The other he sed nay,

The third he sed it was a hawke, and her bels wer cut away.

3. Ther's

3. Ther's a dainty mad woman Mr. comes i'th Nick as  
mad as a march hare: if wee can get her daunce, wee are  
made againe: I warrant her, shee'l doe the rarest gambols.

1. A mad woman? we are made Boyes.

Sch. And are you mad good woman?

Daugh. I would be forry else,  
Give me your hand.

Sch. Why?

Daugh. I can tell your fortune.

You are a foole: tell ten, I have pozd him: Buz  
Friend you must eate no white bread, if you doe  
Your teeth will bleede extreamecly, shall we dance ho?

I know you, y'ar a Tinker: Sir ha Tinker  
Stop no more holes, but what you should.

Sch. *Dij boni*. A Tinker Damzell?

(play

Daugh. Or a Conjurer: traite me a devill now, and let him  
Quipassa, o'th bels and bones.

Sch. Goe take her, and fluently perswade her to a peace:  
*Et opus exegi, quod nec Iovis ira, nec ignis.*

Strike up, and leade her in.

2. Come Lasse, lets trip it.

Daugh. Ile leade.

(Winde Hornes)

3. Doe, doe.

Sch. Perswasively, and cunningly: away boyes,

*Ex. all but Schoolemaster.*

I heare the hornes: give me some  
Meditation, and marke your Cue;  
Pallas inspire me.

*Enter Thef. Pir. Hip. Emil. Arcite: and traine.*

Thef. This way the Stag tooke.

Sch. Stay, and edifie.

Thef. What have we here?

Per. Some Countrey sport, upon my life Sir.

Per. Well Sir, goe forward, we will edifie.

Ladies sit downe, wee'l stay it.

(Ladies.

Sch. Thou doughtie Duke all haile: all haile sweet

Thef. This is a cold beginning.

Sch. If you but favour; our Country pastime made is,

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